

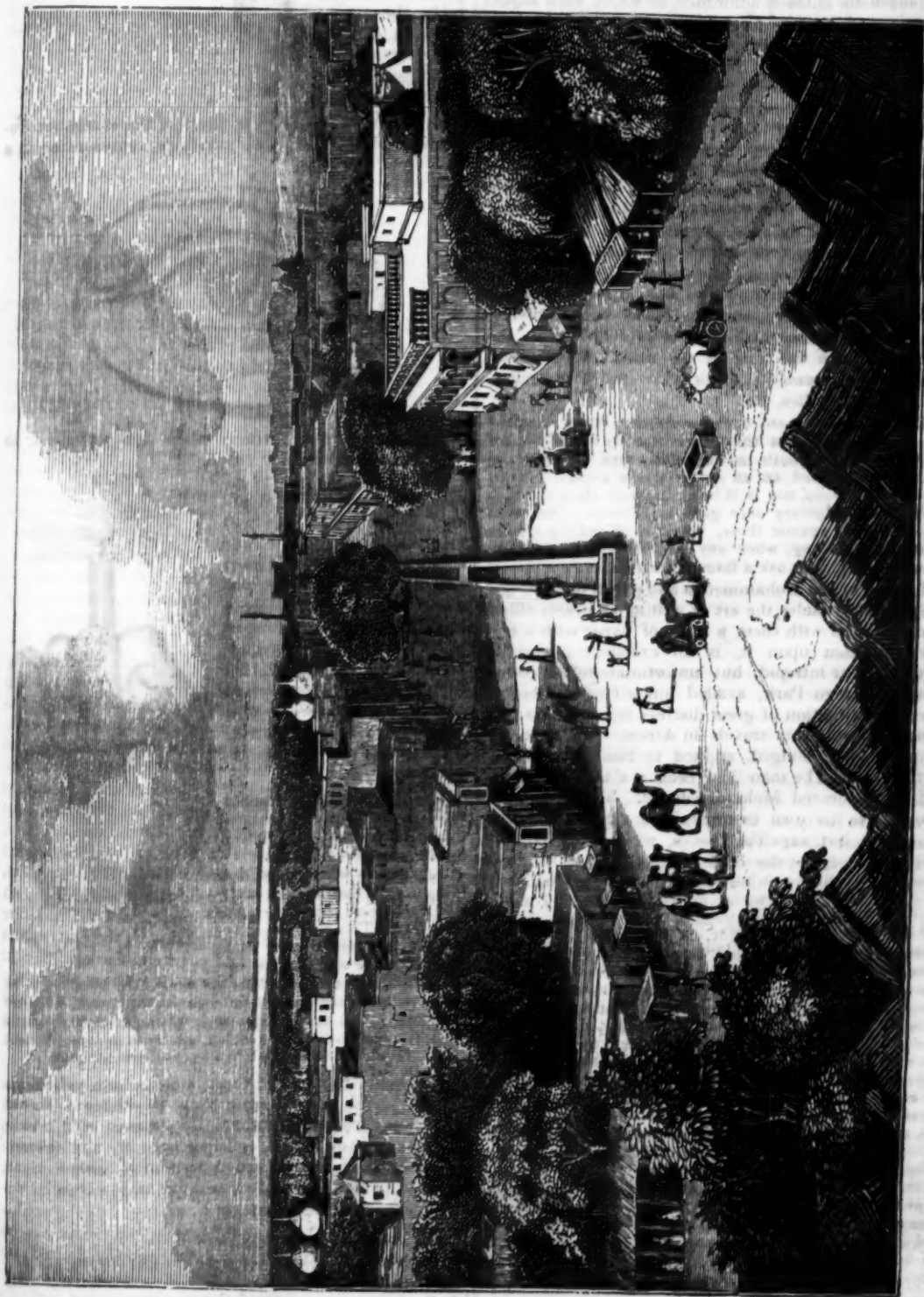
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CHANDERY CHOK, (OR PRINCIPAL STREET,) IN DELHI.

EAST INDIA STATIONS. No. IX

DELHI. PART I.

THERE is no place in British India which the intellectual traveller approaches with feelings more strongly excited, than the ancient seat of the Moghul empire. The proud towers of Delhi, with its venerable relics of Hindoo architecture, its splendid monuments of Moslem power, and its striking indications of Christian supremacy, cannot fail to impress the mind with sensations of mingled awe, wonder, and delight.

This justly-celebrated city, which is at once the capital of the province of the same name, and the seat of government to the little which now remains of the Moghul dominion in India, is situated on the western bank of the river Jumna, 350 miles from Allahabad. The official title of the city, and indeed that by which it is known amongst the natives, is *Shahjehan-poor*, or "City of the King of the World;" but the name of Delhi is always used in conversation, and in every writing but those which are immediately offered to the emperor's eye. On a portion of the ground which lies westward of the modern city, and which is now covered with ruins, once stood the extensive Hindoo capital of Indraput. The spot afterwards became the site of old Delhi, as founded by the Patan kings. The present city, which owes its origin to the emperor Shah Jehan, occupies a more advantageous situation. When first founded, many of the inhabitants were removed thither from the old city, and these were followed by others, attracted by the desire of being near the palace and the principal markets; and as, during the Maharatta government, there was no safety without the walls, old Delhi was soon entirely abandoned.

The modern capital of the Moslem kings stands in the centre of a sandy plain, surrounded on every side with the ruins of old Delhi, which form a very curious contrast with the new suburb, the villas belonging to the Europeans attached to the residency, and with the cantonments lately erected for three regiments of sepoys. "The inhabited part of it," says Bishop Heber, "for the ruins extend over a surface as large as London, Westminster, and Southwark, is about seven miles in circuit." It is seated on a rocky range of hills, is enclosed by a splendid rampart of red granite, and entered by gateways the most magnificent which the world can boast. The walls were formerly so lofty as to conceal all save the highest towers; but these dead blanks, with their flanking turrets, like the eyries of the eagle, high in air, have been exchanged for low ramparts strengthened by massive bastions. The view of the outside is splendid; domes and mosques, cupolas and minarets, and above all, the imperial palace, a very high and extensive cluster of Gothic towers and battlements, frowning like a mountain of red granite, and the Jumna Musjeed, the largest and handsomest place of Mussulman worship in India, appear in the midst of groves of clustering trees so thickly planted, that the buildings in general being also chiefly composed of red granite, inlaid in their more ornamental parts with white marble, have been compared, in oriental imagery, to rocks of pearls and rubies, rising from an emerald sea. In approaching the city from the east branch of the Jumna, the prospect realizes all that the imagination has pictured of Eastern magnificence: mosques and minarets glittering in the sun, some garlanded with wild creepers, others arrayed in all the pomp of gold, the exterior of the cupolas being covered with brilliant metal; and from Mount Mejnoon, over which a fine road now passes, the shining waters of the Jumna gleaming in the distance,

insulating Selimgurh, and disappearing behind the halls of the peacock throne, the palace of the emperors, add another beautiful feature to the scene.

The Chandery Choke, or principal street, is wide and handsome;—one of the broadest avenues to be found in an Indian city. The houses are of various styles of architecture, partaking occasionally of the prevailing fashions of the West; Grecian piazzas, porticoes and pediments, are not unfrequently found fronting the dwellings of the Moslem or Hindoo.

The shops are crowded with all kinds of European products and manufactures, and many of them display sign-boards, on which the names and occupations of the inhabitants are emblazoned in Roman characters,—a novel circumstance in a native city. The houses are, for the most part, white-washed; and the gaiety of their appearance is heightened by the carpets and shawls, strips of cloth of every hue, scarfs and coloured veils, which are hung out over the verandah, or on the tops of the houses to air.

The crowd of an Indian city, always picturesque, is here particularly rich in showy figures of men and animals: elephants, camels, and horses, gaily caparisoned, parade through the streets, jingling their silver ornaments, and the many-coloured tufts and fringes with which they are adorned; the *suarree* of a great personage, sweeping along the highways, forms a striking spectacle, when it can be viewed securely from some safe corner, or from the back of a tall elephant. The general appearance is magnificent, though to enter into details might destroy the illusion; for, mingled with mounted retainers, richly clothed, and armed with glittering helmets, polished spears, and shields knobbed with silver, crowds of wild-looking, half-clad wretches on foot are to be seen, increasing the tumult and the dust, and adding, indeed, to the number of the retinue, but nothing to the splendour of the cavalcade. No great man,—Delhi is full of personages of pretension,—ever passes along in state, without having his titles shouted out by the stentorian lungs of some of his followers. The cries of the venders of different articles of food, the discordant songs of itinerant musicians, screamed out to the accompaniment of the *tom-tom*, with an occasional bass volunteered by a *chetah*, grumbling out in a sharp roar his annoyance at being hawked about the streets for sale, with the shrill distressful cry of the camel, the trumpeting of the elephants, the neighing of horses, and the grumbling of cart-wheels, are sounds which assail the ear from sunrise until sunset, in the streets of Delhi. The multitude of equipages is exceedingly great, and more diversified, perhaps, than those of any other city in the world. English carriages altered to suit the climate, and the peculiar taste of the possessor, are mingled with the palanquins and bullock-carts, open and covered, the chairs, and the cage-like and lantern-like conveyances of native construction. The *chetahs* and hunting-leopards are led hooded through the streets; birds in cages, Persian cats, and Persian greyhounds, are also exposed in the streets for sale, under the superintendence of those fine, tall, splendid-looking men, who bring all kinds of merchandise from Cashmere, Persia, and Thibet, to the cities of Hindostan,—an almost gigantic race, bearing a noble aspect in spite of the squalidness of their attire, and having dark, clear complexions, without a tinge of swarthinness. Beggars in abundance infest the street, and in addition to the multitudes brought together by business, there are numerous groups of lazy, idle Mussulmans, gaudily decked out in flaunting colours.

Such are some few of the distinguishing features of the Chandery Choke, which abounds in hardware,

cloth *pāān*, and pastry-cooks' shops; the business, as usual, carried on in the open air, with all the chaffering, nagging, and noise, common to Asiatic dealings.

By a very little attention to order and comfort, the Chandery Choke might be rendered one of the most delightful walks in the world; for, by means of the famous canal of Delhi, which, shaded by fine trees, runs down the centre, nothing could be more easy than to allay the clouds of dust, at present so intolerable, by keeping the avenues on either side well watered.

This canal was originally the work of Feroze Shah; and, independent of the use above proposed for it, forms one of the greatest advantages the inhabitants of Delhi enjoy, since it affords the only supply of wholesome water which they possess. Sharing the fate of the Patan empire, it became neglected, and was at length choked up, and remained in this state for more than a hundred years. The canal was re-opened by Ali Merdan Khan, a Persian nobleman attached to the court of the emperor Shah Jehan, but was again dried up, and was useless, until the establishment of the British government; which, anxious to display its paternal care, and wishing to confer a solid and lasting benefit upon the people of the city, determined upon repairing the splendid work. It is conducted from the Jumna, immediately on leaving its mountains, and whilst its stream is yet pure and wholesome, for a distance of 120 miles. The Jumna itself, in the neighbourhood of Delhi, has quite the contrary of a fertilising character. In this part of its course, it is so strongly impregnated with natron, extensive beds of which here abound, that its waters, which during the rains overflow the country to a wide extent, destroy, instead of, like the Ganges, promoting vegetation; and the whole space between the high banks and the stream of the river, when in a low state, is a loose and perfectly barren sand, like that of the sea-shore. But the waters of the canal, on the contrary, confer fertility on a very large extent of country near its banks; and it is absolutely the sole source of vegetation to the gardens of Delhi, beside furnishing the inhabitants with a drinkable water.

An undertaking of such magnitude as the restoration of this noble work by the British government, necessarily occupied a considerable period; indeed, it required three years of unremitting labour to complete it, and the expense was enormous. At length, however, in 1820, during the administration of Sir Charles Metcalfe, the whole was finished. All the inhabitants of the city, in a tumult of joy, went out to greet the approaching waters, with shouts of gratitude to the government which gave the long-desired blessing; and casting garlands of flowers, *ghee*-oil, and spices, into the stream, refreshing their eyes, and giving such welcome promises of fertility and abundance. Fortunately, the present rulers of India are persevering as well as enterprising; for, in the course of a few years, the canal again became dry, in consequence of a change in the channel of the Jumna, whose waters, flowing through another passage, no longer afforded the customary supply. The inhabitants of Delhi had imprudently neglected the wells, which, previously to the opening of the canal, had furnished them, though inadequately, with the precious element: the expense of obtaining water for domestic purposes was heavy, and to many almost ruinous; the gardens became deserts, and the failure of the rains increased the distress. The sufferings thus occasioned were, however, not of long duration; as soon as it was practicable, the engineer-officer, who had charge of the canal, repaired the mischief, and a second jubilee took place, attended by similar festivals

and similar thanksgivings, than which nothing could have been more gratifying to the English inhabitants of the imperial city.

Half-way along the Chandery Choke, which has been just described, and nearly opposite to another great street with a similar branch of the canal, which runs at right angles to the former, stands the Imperial Palace, built by the emperor Shah Jehan, surrounded on this side by a wall of about sixty feet in height, embattled and machicolated, with small round towers, and two magnificent gateways, each defended by an outer barbican of the same construction, though of less height. The whole is of red granite, and is surrounded by a wide moat.

It is a place (says Bishop Heber) of no strength, the walls being only calculated for bows and arrows, or musquetry; but as a kingly residence, it is one of the noblest that I have seen. It far surpasses the Kremlin, but I do not think that, except in the durability of its materials, it equals Windsor.

The court of Delhi, notwithstanding the diminished influence of her princes, is still a place of considerable political intrigue, and is constantly resorted to by the numerous native tributaries of the British government, who have always points of great importance to themselves to settle. By strangers visiting Delhi, a presentation at the court of the fallen monarch is generally desired. The account given by Bishop Heber of his reception by the then reigning prince in 1824, is so fully descriptive both of the palace and of the curious ceremonies to which he was willing, from a laudable spirit of conciliation, to submit, on the occasion, that it can hardly fail to be generally interesting.

The first direct connexion between the English and the Emperor of Delhi, began under Lord Clive's government, when Shah Aulum, father of the present Aebur Shah, voluntarily, and without any stipulations, threw himself under our protection, as the only means of securing his personal liberty from the dissensions of his own subjects and the violence of the Maharattas. He was received and treated in all respects as a sovereign; had a residence assigned to him, with a large revenue of twenty-six laes a year; and this was, in fact, the only part of his life which can be regarded as splendid or prosperous. In his anxiety to return to Delhi, he, in after-years, forfeited all these advantages, and threw himself into the power of the Maharattas, who, about a twelvemonth before, had gained possession of that city, and who were our inveterate enemies. By these new friends he was made a prisoner, and Ghoolam Khadir, the Rohilla, who a few years afterwards captured Delhi, put out his eyes, threw him into a dungeon, and murdered all the members of his family who could be found. His own life would probably have sunk under his misery, had not Ghoolam Khadir been defeated and put to death by Sindia, assisted by French officers and troops, who now, in his turn, obtained possession of his person. His condition was, however, very little improved. He was, indeed, suffered to live in his palace, and his surviving family re-assembled around him; but he and they were treated with exceeding neglect, and literally, almost starved. It was during this period, that most of the marble and inlaid ornaments of the palace were mutilated, being actually sold to buy bread for himself and his children.

In this miserable state he was found by Lord Lake, who restored him to the sort of decent dependence which his son now enjoys: addressing him on all occasions in the style of a sovereign,—acknowledging the English government his *fidoi*, or feudatory,—and placing him, in fact, in every respect but revenue, where Lord Clive had placed him before. His revenue was fixed at ten laes a year, which was afterwards increased to twelve, and by Lord Hastings, to fifteen, a large sum. I was glad to find that Mr. Elliott paid him every respect, and showed him every kindness in his power. I was glad, also, that I did not omit to visit him, since, independently of the interest which I have felt in seeing the ruin of a mighty stock, Mr. Elliott

says, that the emperor had frequently inquired whether the bishop meant to pass him* by.

The 31st of December, was fixed for my presentation to the emperor, which was appointed for half-past eight in morning. Mr. Lushington and Captain Wade also took the same opportunity. At eight I went, accompanied by Mr. Elliott, (the English resident at Delhi,) with nearly the same formalities as at Lucknow, except that we were on elephants, instead of in palanquins, and that the procession was, perhaps, less splendid, and the beggars both less numerous, and far less vociferous and importunate. We were received with presented arms by the troops of the palace, drawn up within the barbican, and proceeded, still on our elephants, through the noblest gateway and vestibule which I ever saw. It consists, not merely of a splendid Gothic arch in the centre of the great gate-tower, but after that, of a long vaulted aisle, like that of a Gothic cathedral, with a small, open, octagonal court in the centre, all of granite, and all finely carved with inscriptions from the Koran, and with flowers. This ended in a ruinous and exceedingly dirty stable-yard! where we were received by Captain Grant, as the Moghul's officer on guard, and by a number of elderly men with large gold-headed canes, the usual ensign of office here, and one which Mr. Elliott always carried.

We were now told to dismount and proceed on foot, a task which the late rain made very inconvenient to my gown and cassock. After this we passed another richly-carved, but ruinous and dirty gateway, where our guides withdrawing a canvass screen, called out, in a sort of harsh chant, 'Lo, the ornament of the world! Lo the asylum of the nations! King of kings! The Emperor Acbar Shah! Just, fortunate, victorious!' We saw, in fact, a very handsome and striking court, with low but richly-ornamented buildings; opposite to us was a beautiful open pavilion of white marble, richly carved, flanked by rose-bushes and fountains, and some tapestry, and striped curtains hanging in festoons about it, within which was a crowd of people, and the poor old descendant of Tamerlane seated in the midst of them. Mr. Elliott here bowed three times very low, in which we followed his example. This ceremony was repeated twice as we advanced up the steps of the pavilion, the heralds each time repeating the same expressions about their master's greatness. We then stood on the right-hand side of the throne, which is of marble, richly ornamented with gilding, and raised on two or three steps. Mr. Elliott then stepped forward, and, with joined hands, in the usual Eastern fashion, in a low voice, announced to the emperor who I was. I then advanced, bowed three times again, and offered a nuzzur of fifty-one gold mohurs in an embroidered purse, laid on my handkerchief, in the way practised by the Boboos, in Calcutta. This was received and laid on one side, and I remained standing for a few minutes, whilst the usual court-questions respecting my health, my travels, when I left Calcutta, &c., were asked. I had thus an opportunity of seeing the old king more plainly. He has a pale, thin, but handsome face, with an aquiline nose, and a long white beard. His complexion is little, if at all, darker than that of an European. His hands and face were all I saw of him; for the morning being cold, he was so wrapped up in shawls, that he reminded me extremely of the Druid's head on a Welsh half-penny. I then stepped back to my former place, and returned again with five more mohurs, to make my offering to the heir apparent, who stood at his father's left hand, the right being occupied by the resident. Next, my two companions were introduced with nearly the same forms, except that their offerings were less, and that the emperor did not speak to them.

The emperor then beckoned to me to come forward, and Mr. Elliott told me to take off my hat, which had till now remained on my head; on which the emperor tied a flimsy turban of brocade round my head with his own hands, for which, however, I paid four gold mohurs more. We were then directed to retire to receive the "Khelâts" (honorary dresses,) which the bounty of the "Asylum of the World" had provided for us. I was accordingly taken into a small private room, where my servants put the dresses on me instead of my gown. I now again came forward, and offered my third present to the emperor, being a copy of

the Arabic Bible, and the Hindostanee Common Prayer Book, handsomely bound in blue velvet laced with gold, and wrapped up in a piece of brocade. He then motioned me to stop, and put a string of pearls round my neck, and two glittering, but not costly ornaments, in the front of my turban, for which I again offered five mohurs. It was, lastly, announced that a horse was waiting for my acceptance, at which fresh instance of imperial munificence, the heralds again made a proclamation of largess, and I again paid five mohurs. It ended in my taking my leave with three times three salams, making up, I think, the sum of threescore, and I retired with Mr. Elliott to my dressing-room, whence I sent to her majesty, the queen, a present of five mohurs more.

Whilst in the small apartment, I was struck with its beautiful ornaments. It was entirely lined with white marble, inlaid with flowers and leaves of green porphyry; the flowers were of the best Italian style of workmanship, and evidently the labour of an artist of that country. All, however, was dirty, desolate, and forlorn. Half the flowers and leaves had been picked out, or otherwise defaced, and the doors and windows were in a state of dilapidation, whilst a quantity of old furniture was piled in one corner, and a torn hanging of faded tapestry hung over an archway which led to the interior apartments.

We then went to the hall of audience, which, from the crowd of people, and the necessity of attending to the forms I had to go through, I had seen but imperfectly. It is a very beautiful pavilion of white marble, open on one side to the court of the palace, and on the other, to a large garden. Its pillars and arches are exquisitely carved, and ornamented with gilt and inlaid flowers, and inscriptions in the most elaborate Persian character. The marble floor, where not covered by carpets, is all inlaid in the same beautiful manner with the little dressing-room.

The gardens, which we next visited, are not large, but, in their way, must have been extremely rich and beautiful. They are full of very old orange and fruit-trees, with terraces and parterres, on which many rose-bushes were growing, and even now, a few jonquils in flower. A channel of white marble for water, with little fountain-pipes of the same material, carved like roses, is carried here and there amongst the parterres, and at the end of the terrace is a beautiful octagonal pavilion, also of marble, lined with mosaic flowers, with a marble fountain in its centre, and a beautiful bath in a recess on one of its sides. The windows of this pavilion, which is raised to the height of the city-wall, command a good view of Delhi and its neighbourhood. But all was, when we saw it, dirty, lonely, and wretched; the bath and fountain dry, the inlaid pavement hidden with lumber and gardeners' sweepings, and the walls stained.

We were then taken to the private mosque of the palace, an elegant little building, also of white marble, and exquisitely carved; but in the same state of neglect and dilapidation, with peepuls allowed to spring from its walls, the exterior gilding partially torn from its dome, and some of its doors coarsely blocked up with unplastered brick and mortar.

We went lastly to the "Deewanee adim," or hall of public audience, which is the outer court, and where on certain occasions the Great Moghul sat in state, to receive the compliments or petitions of his subjects. This also is a splendid pavilion of marble, not unlike the other hall of audience in form, but considerably larger, and open on three sides only: on the fourth is a black wall, covered with the same mosaic-work of flowers and leaves, as I have described; and in the centre a throne raised about ten feet from the ground, with a small platform of marble in front, where the vizier used to stand to hand up petitions to his master. Behind this throne are mosaic paintings of birds, animals, and flowers, and in the centre, a small group of figures; Orpheus playing to the beasts. This hall was full of lumber of all descriptions, broken palanquins, and empty boxes, and the throne so covered with filth that its ornaments were scarcely discernible. How little did Shah Jehan, the founder of these fine buildings, foresee what would be the fate of his descendants, or what his own would be. "Vanity of vanities!" was surely never written in more legible characters than on the dilapidated arcades of Delhi!

D. I. E.

[FROM BISHOP HERBER'S *Journal*, and MISS ROBERTS'S *Sketches of Hindostan*: the Engraving copied, by permission, from MAJOR LUGARD'S *Views in India*.]

* Lord Amherst, in the course of his progress through the Upper Provinces, paid the emperor a visit in due form, and afterwards received a visit from the emperor in full state.

† About the size of that at All Souls College, Oxford, of which the bishop was a fellow.

CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

EDUCATION, universally extended throughout the community, will tend to disabuse the working class of people, in respect of a notion that has crept into the minds of our mechanics, and is gradually prevailing, that manual labour is the only source of wealth; that it is at present very inadequately rewarded, owing to combinations of the rich against the poor; that mere mental labour is comparatively worthless; that property or wealth ought not to be accumulated or transmitted; that to take interest on money lent, or capital employed, is unjust. These are notions that tend strongly toward an equal division of property, and the right of the poor to plunder the rich. The mistaken and ignorant people who entertain these fallacies as truths, will learn that the institution of political society originated in the *protection of property*, and this has ever continued to be its main end and design; that equality to-day would be inequality to-morrow; that labour is of itself nearly useless, and can never be brought into action but by means of wealth or capital; that the rich are as necessary to the poor as the poor are to the rich; and that there is no injustice in giving Raphael a little higher wages per day than his colour-grinder received. James Watt and Robert Fulton were worth more to society than five hundred thousand ordinary men. If the mechanics should seriously continue to press such silly notions, they would justly make enemies of those who would otherwise be their reasonable friends; and they are much mistaken if they suppose the wealthy will not find the means, as well as the inclination, to defend their property against the attacks of ignorance and injustice.

All that a good government can do is, to give to each man an equal chance of acquiring useful knowledge, and to throw no impediments in the way of industry and talent. What stimulus would there be to industry and frugality, if a man were deprived of the right of bequeathing his earnings and savings to his family? What regulation of wages can there be in practice, but the voluntary contract of the hirer and the hired? Labour is a marketable commodity, and, like other things, wages are regulated by competition, and demand, and supply.

Nature, and the unavoidable circumstances of society, have created inequalities that are also unavoidable. Each of us, in our station, therefore, must submit patiently to that which cannot be avoided; nor would the poor be benefited by obtaining full command over the wealth of the rich, for the same quarrels would ensue about distribution the week after, that would take place at the hour of successful plunder. We declare our conviction that in too many cases the working men attempt an object which no single exertion, and no union, however formidable or complete, can ever accomplish. They attempt to force wages beyond the point at which they could be maintained, with reference to the demand for the article produced; and if they succeed, they *extinguish* the demand, and therefore extinguish the power of working at any wages;—they drive the demand, and therefore the supply, into new channels; they thrust out capital from among them to work in other places, where it can work with freedom or security.

Some advocates for the "division of property" have wanted, "at the death of any member of the community, to abolish the exclusive claim of his widow and children, and divide it amongst all the members of society just arrived at an adult age." We have no hesitation in affirming that, if such a distribution were to take place, *there would soon be no property to distribute.* There is nothing new under

the sun; some such scheme has already been tried in the world. The good King Arthur gives us an account of it, as follows:—

And there is a custom among the Estum, that when there is a man dead, he lieth within, unburnt, a month, amid his relations and friends, sometimes two months; and the king and principal men so much longer, as they have *more wealth.* They lie above the earth in the house, and all the time that the body is within, there shall be drink and plays, until the day that they burn them. Then the same day that they choose to bear them to the pile, his property that remains after this drink and play, is divided into five or six parts. They lay these along, a mile apart, the greatest portion from the town; then another, then a third, till it be all laid at one mile asunder; and the least part shall be nearest to the town where the dead man lieth.

Then shall be collected all the men that have the swiftest horses in the land, for the way of five miles from the property. Then run they altogether for the property. Then cometh the man that hath the swiftest horse to the farthest portion, and to the greatest, and so on, one after another, till all be taken away. And when the wealth is all spent, then they bear the man out and burn him. *Most frequently all his wealth is spent during the long lying of the dead man within.*

[COOPER'S Lectures upon Political Economy.]

SKETCHES OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

No. XVII.

BOTANY Bay, that dreaded place, celebrated for being the landing-place both of the first voyagers and of expatriated convicts, lies about seven miles south of Port Jackson. The bay itself is an extensive sheet of water, in many parts more than seven miles wide within the headlands; George's River, and one or two large creeks from the southward, flow into it. As a harbour, it neither affords sufficient shelter from the winds, nor secure anchorage-ground. It abounds with shoals, and shallow waters; and consequently, in rough weather, the swell upon it is tremendous. Its headlands although formed of bluff rocks, are low and insignificant in appearance, compared with those of Port Jackson. A sandy beach between seven and eight miles in length, extends in a westerly direction along its northern side forming the bay; and there is nothing striking either in the appearance of the scenery or vegetation on this side, which is particularly worthy of notice. Pelicans are often seen about the mud-banks on the south side of this bay in great numbers.

Of late years a new and excellent road has been made from Sydney to Botany Bay, which leaves the South-head road somewhere near the new gaol wall. The intervening ground is flat and very sandy, abounding with green swamps, and marshy places covered with water. But the face of this country is daily undergoing great changes and improvement. A great portion of it is divided into allotments, which are soon bought at a reasonable, and sometimes at a high price. Neat houses and cottages have already been erected, and building is still making rapid progress. Garden plots are fenced in in every direction, and the land which, a few years ago, was considered from its apparent sterility, useless and unprofitable, is now become, by the aid of human industry, productive and valuable.

In all warm climates it has been considered advisable, and, indeed, necessary, to have the burial-ground as far from a great town as it can conveniently be possible. Hence, the burial-ground of Sydney is situated at the very remote end of the town, upon the side of a hill. It is surrounded by a brick wall, and covered with tombstones of all descriptions. In the Summer season, as December, January, February,

and March, which are the hottest months of the year in that part of the world, the heat in Sydney is sometimes very great, but even this inconvenience is in a great measure counteracted by the cool sea-breeze, which is regularly expected, and seldom fails to refresh the inhabitants about noon. It is frequently very hot, even at six o'clock in the morning, and there is no luxuriant shade of trees to protect the town from the burning rays of the sun. Again, it is not unusual to have a succession of fine weather, without a drop of rain, for six months and more together, so that the heat acting upon the scorched surface of the ground, is returned with redoubled strength; still, the soil being dry, it does not exude any unwholesome vapours and fogs, which are so destructive to health in hot climates. In 1826, 27, and 28, there had been a continued drought throughout the colony; nearly the whole face of the interior was parched up and dried; the waters had even deserted the mountain rivulets, cattle had suffered, and the colonists drove their herds and sheep further and further in search of pasture, which could only be found in deep and sheltered valleys. Scarcely a cloud was seen in the heavens during these years, to cheer the people with a hope, and prayers for rain had been for a long time read in the churches. Such was the state of the colony until the minds of the people were relieved by a storm. It happened on a Sunday, and I believe that I am correct in stating, that it was the first time the highest dignitary of the church in New South Wales, preached. The day opened fine and beautifully clear as usual, nor was there anything observable in the atmosphere indicative of rain. The church was crowded, and the streets quiet and orderly. A single dark cloud made its appearance, and settled quite stationary over the town. The ethereal brightness of the clear blue sky which surrounded it, made it appear the more conspicuous and remarkable. It lowered, and spread itself in silent grandeur, and cast a shade of darkness all around. A vivid flash—and the thunder burst with terrible explosion, loud, near, and sudden. The cloud unfolded itself, and let down its burdensome waters in copious torrents, deluging the streets, which were turned into water-courses. Then came the wind, and blew away the fragments of the storm, scattering them abroad, till all was bright again.

Such sudden and unexpected storms are not uncommon in New South Wales, and I have witnessed several of a similar description to the above. They seldom last more than half an hour, and leave the people in wonder and amazement.

The thunder is generally much louder, and the lightning more vivid than is ever known in England. In the very midst of Summer, sudden hail-storms also occasionally visit the colony, and sometimes effect very serious damage in the town. Lumps of irregular ice, nearly the size of pigeon's eggs, have been known to fall, battering with tremendous noise upon the roofs of the houses, and breaking all glass that may be exposed to its violence, which neither man nor animal can stand against. Hot winds are also prevalent in some seasons of the year in Sydney, but they are never of long duration. There is another inconvenience which Sydney is subject to; immense clouds of dust, at certain seasons, blow over the town from the Brickfield Hills, and pepper all the houses as well as the shipping. On these occasions, it is necessary to close fast both doors and windows, for the wind is so violent, and the dust so thick, that nothing can be seen, and it would be utterly impossible to face this dry storm without being smothered.

There is no town or climate in the world perhaps,

but has its disadvantages, and those which are mentioned above, as relating to Sydney, are comparatively nothing; they come and go with the wind, and seldom effect much mischief. There cannot be a more healthy town or climate than that of Sydney and New South Wales, whose atmosphere is pure and wholesome, and free from all pestilential influences.

Though Sydney at one time was pestered with innumerable quantities of dogs of all descriptions, a mad dog was scarcely ever known in the country. Every person had dogs, and there were hundreds prowling about which had no owners. No one could ride or walk the streets in safety. Horses ran away, children were bitten, and women frightened by these intolerable nuisances. But the dog-days were put an end to, by means of taxation; and every dog, at liberty, that was not regularly entered and paid for, and ornamented with a collar bearing his master's name, was destroyed by the constables, who were constituted the lawful executioners. Dead dogs were lying soon in every corner of the streets, till orders were given for their removal; and it was almost an every-day sight to see a great dog rushing through the centre of a street, pelted on all sides by the staffs of the constables.

The police-establishment of Sydney is well conducted, and is a great protection and security to the inhabitants. The policemen, or constables, wear the blue uniform, and at night they are armed with swords. There is also a mounted police, who are principally selected from the military. This body of men have been found most serviceable and necessary, in protecting settlers and travellers, in the interior, from the depredations of bush-rangers. They are often out in disguise, as convicts, in slop clothing, and sometimes lie out for nights together for the purpose of securing a prisoner. They are distributed throughout the colony, and they have stations or barracks in different parts of the public roads, for the convenience of travelling with despatches, &c. Their uniform is a blue jacket edged with red, black trousers with red stripe, cartouch-box with white belt, blue cap, sword, carbine, pistols, and all other trappings.

W. R. G.

Two great branches of amiable conduct are, mildness in bearing injuries, and bounty in relieving necessities: one of them expressly made the condition of our being forgiven; the other the foundation of our being rewarded. But to these we must add every other act of a generous and disinterested, a candid and sympathizing heart; every instance of gentleness to the faults, and condescension to the weaknesses of men; moderation and humility in advantageous circumstances, and patient composedness in low and afflicted ones; every ornamental, as well as more substantial, duty of life; affability of conversation, obliging attentions, kind compliances; whatever will make our common journey through the world mutually comfortable and pleasing, without making it dangerous; and exhibit religion in its native cheerfulness, as a reasonable service paid to an infinitely good Being. For all these things constitute a much more valuable part of Christian practice, than many seem to be aware of. Indeed, piety and virtue, however unpolished, deserve high esteem; and it would be a most unhappy mistake, to prefer superficial accomplishments, before intrinsic worth. But still, both religion and morals, disguised under a forbidding look, appear so much less to advantage, than when they wear an inviting one; that we wrong our profession, as well as ourselves, if we neglect to show it in as much beauty as a modest simplicity will permit; and thus to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.—ARCHBISHOP SECKER.

THERE cannot be a more worthy improvement of friendship than in a fervent opposition to the sins of those whom we profess to love.—BISHOP HALL.

FLOWERS.

THE impatient Morn,
 With gladness on his wings, calls forth "Arise!
 To trace the hills, the vales, where thousand dyes
 The ground adorn,
 While the dew sparkles yet within the violet's eyes:"

And when the day
 In golden slumber sinks, with accent sweet
 Mild Evening comes to lure the willing feet
 With her to stray,
 Where'er the bashful flowers the observant eye may greet.

Near the moist brink
 Of music-loving streams they ever keep,
 And often in the lucid fountains peep;
 Oft, laughing, drink
 Of the mad torrent's spray, perch'd near the thundering steep:

And everywhere
 Along the plashy marge, and shallow bed
 Of the still waters, they innumerable spread;
 Rock'd gently there
 The beautiful Nymphæa * pillows its bright head.

Within the dell,
 Within the rocky clefts they love to hide;
 And hang adventurous on the steep hill-side;
 Or rugged fell,
 Where the young eagle waves his wings in youthful pride.

In the green sea
 Of forest-leaves, where nature wanton plays,
 They modest bloom; though through the verdant maze
 The tulip-tree
 Its golden chalice oft triumphantly displays:

And, of pure white,
 Embedded 'mid its glossy leaves on high,
 There the superb Magnolia lures the eye;
 While, waving light,
 The locust's myriad tassels scent the ambient sky.

But O, ye bowers,—
 Ye valleys where the Spring perpetual reigns,
 And flowers unnumbered o'er the purple plains
 Exuberant showers—
 How fancy revels in your lovelier domains!

All love the light;
 And yet what numbers spring within the shade,
 And blossom where no foot may e'er invade!
 Till comes a blight,—
 Comes unaware,—and then incontinent they fade!

And thus they bloom,
 And thus their lives ambrosial breathe away;
 Thus flourish too the lovely and the gay:
 And the same doom
 Youth, beauty, flower, alike consigns to swift decay.

PICKERING.

* The white pond-lily.

THE custom of keeping servants when age rendered them useless, bound them to the family by strong ties, which made them interested for the welfare of their superiors. They felt that prosperity added to the general comfort, while adversity would deprive them of present enjoyment and future support; doubtless, many acted from principle as well as interest, when one of the members were removed, conscious that there was either a protector, in danger, or a comforter in sickness, less to depend on. If they settled in life, their children were taught to respect and obey those whose roof had sheltered their parents, and to hope they should be allowed to show their gratitude by cheerful obedience, to those whose kindness they had been taught to appreciate. Doubtless, some were led away by bad advisers, but numbers were faithful unto death. All this union of dependance has vanished, and you are now not unfrequently entertained, part of the time you devote to visiting, with a detail of the extravagance and faults of hirelings, who knowing that four weeks may send them forth to seek another home, where caprice or temper may prevent their remaining a longer period, become careless of consequences to all: these frequent changes must be to master and servant unprofitable, if not ruinous. Some few family seats, and mansions, are still adorned with gray-headed domestics, who are proud to display the works of art and beauty that grace the abode that has sheltered them.

—The Original.

STARCH—LOZENGES.

STARCH, which is a proximate element of wheat-flour, when diffused through water, gradually subsides in the form of a fine white powder, which, when looked at through a magnifier, appears to consist of small brilliant grains, the size of which varies in the varieties of starch; each of these grains consists of an outer membrane, enveloping a more soluble matter, which has been called *amidine*. When the starch, as originally deposited, has been purified by repeating washing, and drained upon a fine sieve, it gradually forms a cake, which, on further drying in a stove, splits into those small columnar pieces, in which we usually see it in the shops. The greater part of the starch used in this country is manufactured in or near London, and almost exclusively of wheat-meal; but a good and useful starch may also be procured from potatoes, and from a number of other vegetables; and of these varieties of starch, some are used as articles of food, such as arrow-root, sago, tapioca, and cassava. Wheat-starch is chiefly used for stiffening wearing-apparel; and in order to cover the yellow tint which linen is apt to acquire, a little stone-blue, or smalt, is commonly added to the starch used for such purposes. Formerly, starch was largely consumed in the form of *hair-powder*, and the discontinuance of that absurd and dirty fashion has, of course, materially diminished the demand: in this country, indeed, the use of starch is very limited; but in some parts of Holland, Germany, and Switzerland, where even the lower orders and peasantry wear stiff caps and frills, the manufacture of starch is carried on upon a large scale.

There is, however, another outlet for starch, which occasions a considerable demand for that which is of a very inferior quality, and that is, in the manufacture of hard confectionary, such as lozenges, sugar-plums, and similar articles: those which are sold about the streets, and made "for the use of schools," are generally composed of the offal of starch-works, mixed with plaster of Paris, pipe-clay, or chalk, and as little sugar as is able to give them a palatable sweetness; but what is worse is, that they are often coloured with red-lead, verdigris, gamboge, and other mineral and vegetable poisons. A species of *refined liquorice*, manufactured for the same market, is a compound of common Spanish-juice, lampblack, and starch.

[Magazine of Popular Science.]

WAKEFIELD BRIDGE AND CHAPEL.

THE entrance to the town of Wakefield, from the south, presents an object which cannot fail to arrest the attention of every stranger. The roads from Doncaster and from Sheffield each making a short bend down the hill, unto within a few yards of the bridge over the river Calder, which here displays a wide extent of water.

On the right of the bridge, having its front in a line with the eastern parapet, but being itself built on a narrow strip of land raised above the bed of the river, stands King Edward's Chapel. The broken sculpture of its once richly ornamental west front, the just proportions of the several parts of the building, and the peculiarity of its site, are such as to lead even the most incurious observer to desire to know something more of so interesting a relic of former ages.

It appears from history, that on the 24th of December, 1460, an important battle was fought on the ground extending from Wakefield Bridge to Sandal Castle, Margaret, queen to Henry the Sixth, defeating an army under the Duke of York, who was

then aspiring to the crown. The Duke perished in the battle, and his son, the Duke of Rutland, then a youth about seventeen years old, was taken prisoner, and cruelly put to death in cold blood by "the butcher," Lord Clifford, in revenge for his own father's death in the battle of St. Alban's.

King Edward the Fourth, son of the above Duke of York, is believed to have endowed, and most probably *rebuilt* and greatly adorned the chapel, which already existed on the bridge at Wakefield, and which was near the spot where his father and brother had perished, so that religious services might there be daily performed for the repose of their souls. The chapel now forms the counting-house of an eminent mercantile firm.

The place where the Duke of York fell is about half a mile from the bridge, to the right of the old road leading up to Sandal Castle, and is marked by two large willow-trees growing on the spot.

The bridge consists of nine arches, and a view of it from beneath discloses some few particulars worthy of notice. In the first place, it is seen that the chapel was built *after* the erection of the bridge, as the former is placed nearly *against* one of the buttresses, and having stone-work to divert the force of the current from the building.

The bridge also presents the anomaly of circular arches on the west side, and Gothic arches on the east. Now, by inspection from the bed of the river, the original bridge seems to have been but fifteen feet wide, the arches being Gothic; afterwards, trade increasing, and wheel-carriages becoming more common, a new part, nine feet wide, was added, but on *circular* arches. As the purposes of commerce again required its further enlargement, another portion, ten feet wide, was added on circular

arches, of the same dimensions as the former. The whole width of the bridge is now about thirty-four feet.

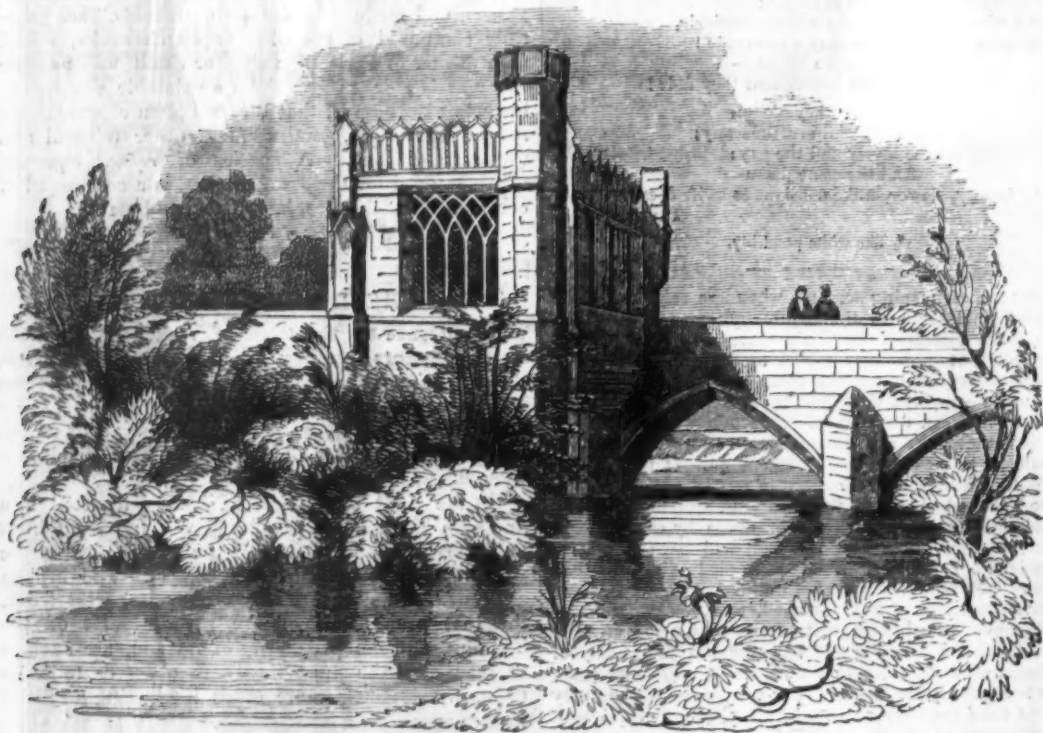
The consideration of the original bridge, with its width of fifteen feet, (from each exterior surface, so that the road-way must have been very narrow,) carries the mind back to the days of pack-horses, when the internal commerce of the country was chiefly carried on by these humble means; and there still exists part of the narrow path, almost in its original state, once forming one of the chief roads from the northern parts of the kingdom to the south. This portion of the old pack-horse way commences just above the toll-bar in the old road to Sandal, before-mentioned, passes over the field of battle, and, though here and there obliterated, or altered by modern enclosures, may be traced for about two miles, to its junction with the present turnpike-road, near New Miller Dam.

Wakefield also possesses a few very curious remains of the domestic architecture of ancient date.

R. J. B.

THE loss of a mother is always severely felt; even though her health may incapacitate her from taking any active part in the care of her family, still she is a sweet rallying-point, around which, affection and obedience, and a thousand tender endeavours to please, concentrate; and dreary is the blank when such a point is withdrawn; it is like that lonely star before us, neither its heat nor light are anything to us in themselves, yet the shepherd would feel his heart sad, if he missed it, when he lifts his eye to the brow of the mountain over which it rises, when the sun descends.

DECORATE the perishing body as we will, either living or dead, if the soul is miserable or in danger, it is but a senseless mockery. Though men may contrive to shut their eyes to the danger of their state, the time must come, when their eyes will be opened to the truth of God's word here, or the reality of His indignation hereafter.—GALT.



WAKEFIELD BRIDGE AND CHAPEL.